THE
NATION

AUGUST 31, 1957 . . 25c

MEMO TO POLITICIANS

JOHN BROWN REVISITED . . . *Truman Nelson*

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LETTERS

Two Generals Speak

Dear Sirs: Your August 17 editorial, quoting General Douglas MacArthur before the Sperry Rand stockholders to the effect that the governmental manufacture of fear of communism was responsible for the present heavy burden of taxes, deserves a wide audience. As you correctly state, whatever it was that moved the General to testify in this way is less important than that he had the courage to tell the truth.

Ever since former President Truman officially adopted George F. Kennan's containment policy, the Communist ghost has been dusted off periodically for appropriation purposes, if for no other. At the time of the first appropriation request in 1947, it was bruited about Washington that Senator Vandenberg had promised the President that Congress would appropriate the funds provided Mr. Truman scared the pants off the American people. Whether the anecdote is apocryphal or not, both men delivered, and the fear and the funds, as General MacArthur points out, have been available ever since.

The conscientious historian of the future probably will have a difficult task in properly apportioning the blame for the cold war as between Truman's Communist bait and Stalin's intransigence. Personally, I believe the cold war was inevitable because of the general acceptance of the policy makers of the "balance of power" theory under the sovereignty concept of the nation-state system. Communist "expansionism" is the common propaganda matrix for the West as is capitalistic "encirclement" for the East.

The problem is not whether capitalism or socialism is the better economic or political system. The problem is an institutional one. Without a system which provides a code, a court and a cop, applicable individually to those in violation of the laws, international chaos is unavoidable except for a brief period of time. It is for this reason that the top leaders of the great powers should hold meetings regularly and as often as required to discuss the problems dividing the world.

I have only recently completed a 12,000-mile, one-month trip through the USSR, and for whatever it may be worth to your readers, the following are the most important conclusions: (1) the people and even the leaders of the USSR need and sincerely want peace; (2) the socialist system is as firmly established there as is the capitalist system here; and (3) cooperative coexistence for these two reasons is not only possible but imperative.

HUGH B. HESTER,
Brig. General U.S.A. (Ret.)
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Algerian Issue

Dear Sirs: May I congratulate you on the excellent editorial, Senator Kennedy's Resolution, in your 20 July issue? The accompanying report by Eleanor Knight is a splendid piece of informative reporting and honest journalism. I only wish that more editors would lift their heads far above the sands and look the facts in the eye.

JAMAL A. SA'D
Research Officer,
Arab States Delegations
New York, N. Y.

Our Gentle Era

Dear Sirs: After his excellent analysis of *The Merchant of Venice* (August 3 issue), Mr. Clurman writes that Shakespeare was part of his times and "from the puny standpoint of our day was uncouth, savage and bloody to a horrific degree. . . ." The suggestion that our times are weak and tame compared with the supposedly gigantic and boisterous age of Elizabeth I is fairly recurrent. Is it accurate?

If Mr. Clurman believes we are not so savage, one may remind him that our gentle times have seen the hugest war in all history, witnessed the vast Communist revolution in China and the ruthless slaughter of the freedom-fighters in Hungary. It is true that the rack is obsolete and that execution by drawing and quartering is no longer legal—a single age can't have everything!—but we strangle men and women to death in our gas chambers and we fry them in our electric chairs, and it is arguable that we are more adept at fiendish mental torture than were the Elizabethans. Here in New York there is gang warfare, knifing in the streets and continual blackmail; and millions of us commit vicarious double murder by reading avidly the lurid details of brutal killings and the follow-up executions in the sensation-mongering newspapers which blanket our nation.

We can hardly complain of a lack of uncouth characters in our stage and screen plays, either, Stanley Kowalski being an arch-hero to a considerable segment of our population. Among the many uncouth plays our times have created are *Tobacco Road* and *Waiting for Godot*, a drama which is as vulgar and blasphemous as anything Shakespeare wrote, although its style is not grandiose. As for savagery and bloodiness piled onto uncouthness, Mr. Clurman himself recently directed a play by Tennessee Williams which ends with the pregnant heroine being shot to death and her illegitimate lover, the hero of the play, being stripped naked and thrown to be torn apart and eaten by ferocious dogs.

WALTER TANNER
New York, N. Y.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Hungary at the U. N.

Few post-war events have touched the conscience of man as much as the revolt and repression in Hungary; few have shaken the Red world as badly. The recent parade of Chinese intellectuals who have publicly confessed to "deviationism" have frankly traced their heresy to the Budapest barricades. When Dr. Wolfgang Harrich, the young Marxist theoretician, was brought to trial on charges of plotting revolution in East Germany, he was pointedly linked with the Hungarian rebels. In Poland, the most devastating criticism of Soviet high-handedness could be found in Communist organs, and in Yugoslavia no one had seen such popular resentment since the day Tito was read out of the Soviet fraternity. In the West, Communists by the tens of thousands tore up their party cards, and countless intellectuals damned the Soviet Union for its inhumanity. The enormity of the Soviet crime cannot be measured by the Hungarian refugees who streamed across the Austrian and Yugoslav borders; the real frontiers were the moral and ideological.

All this will become apparent when the United Nations, in special session, shortly opens debate on the already published report of its Special Committee on the Problem of Hungary. The debate will further intensify the pressure on Moscow (and what could hurt the Russians more than the knowledge that of the five committee members who prepared the Hungarian report, one came from Ceylon and another from Tunisia?). If the U. N. has failed to save the Budapest revolutionaries, it may yet succeed in compelling Moscow to act with greater circumspection if and when another segment of the satellite world bursts into flame.

Justice demands that the Soviet crime be aired; moreover, we believe that world peace will be served once the realistic Russians become convinced that their puerile efforts to blame the revolt on the "imperial" powers are doomed to fail. But one can also hope that the passions aroused in the debate will not blind the world community to other and possibly more fateful issues. However great is Russia's guilt in Budapest, there is a larger world stage on which it is not the only villain. In this connection, General Hester's comment (see letters page) that there is no alternative to cooperative coexistence serves as a timely reminder of what must be the ultimate objective of all international debate.

Labor Day Forecast: Unsettled

Next Monday politicians will shower bored listeners with the usual purple prose in praise of Labor. But in truth Labor Day, 1957, marks the labor movement's lowest ebb in thirty years. The McClellan committee's disclosures make the addition of new converts to union ranks virtually impossible. A few unions are engaged in desultory raiding operations—organizing the already organized. Employers, particularly in the South, have never had an easier time staving off efforts by their workers to gain bargaining rights. Legislators in half-a-dozen states are dusting off old-fashioned open-shop bills under the misleading title of "Right to Work" laws. In a time of unparalleled prosperity, America's labor movement is on the defensive—dormant and, in large measure, discredited.

There is one notable—and ironic—exception. The one union upon which the greatest public censure has been directed is also the one union which today manifests real vitality. Already the country's largest single labor organization, the Teamsters continues to grow—in membership, in bargaining power, in influence. However much some of its leaders may have put into their own pockets, there is enough left over to keep the rank-and-file happy. Wage scales and working conditions improve steadily; an 85 cents per hour increase spread over three years for New York's milk-tank drivers is only the latest in a series of gains for Teamster members throughout the country.

If the Teamsters are old-fashioned in militancy, they are new-fashioned in methods. Not for them the slow business of picking up new members one by one and two by two; they organize not the workers, but the employers. And given the union's vast economic strength, employers usually must hand over their workers en masse or go out of business.

Jimmy Hoffa is going to be president in name, and boss in fact, of this example of modern American un-

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ionism. He won't be elected democratically, because that is not the way the union is run; but his popularity with the membership is such that he could be if he wanted to.

So a known consort of racketeers is about to become head in name—as he has been in fact—of the country's biggest union. This is not to say the members are ignorant of the racketeering. Presumably on the theory, "Let the leaders make their buck—we're getting ours," they are content with things as they are.

And that's the Labor Day picture. Not a pretty one, surely, but no one can deny that the Teamsters, like the diesels they drive, are going to be hard to stop.

McClellan's Parade of Punks

The parade of punks, drunks, grafters and goons headed by the notorious Johnny Dio, which moved in stubborn silence past the McClellan committee prior to Hoffa's appearance, casts grave doubts on the seriousness of purpose of this inquiry and raises important constitutional questions about the committee's conduct. No one questions that it is the right, indeed the duty, of Congress to conduct inquiries into whether present laws are adequate and to propose new legislation if our changing society requires it. Nor does anyone question that there is racketeering in the labor movement. There are probably strong arguments to be made that new laws might help curb extortion and bribery in union relationships, although Section 302 of the Taft-Hartley law already spells out a firm prohibition against employers paying off union representatives. Yet the practice continues.

But the McClellan committee is not making even an oblique approach to remedial legislation by calling witnesses who plead the Fifth Amendment 44 times or 144 times. The committee is trying to prove that these individuals are crooks—and they probably are. But that is not the committee's function. That's the function of district attorneys, of grand juries, of judges, trial juries and of the whole ancient criminal trial procedure which is designed to insure justice to defendants and society alike. Witnesses before this Congressional committee do not have the legal safeguards that they enjoy in the courts. Punks they certainly are, crooks they probably are, but they are nonetheless entitled to justice as guaranteed in the Constitution.

The McClellan committee should get on with its legitimate task of ascertaining why present laws are not curbing crime in unions and suggesting laws that might stamp out the blight. But it should stop its extra-legal harassment of individual racketeers. By trying to act as a law-enforcement tribunal rather than a legitimate legislative body, the committee's purpose appears to be an effort to increase the size of headline type from 2 to 2½ inches, rather than to solve a serious problem.

The Community College

Senator Case of New Jersey proposes federal aid of up to $50,000,000 a year for community (junior) colleges throughout the country to help "provide for about 250,000 students who might otherwise go without college training." The public junior college is the coming thing, a result and a function of population growth. Over half of our high school graduates now go on to some form of higher education. Both the proportion and the absolute numbers of students pressing for college admission are bound to increase mightily within the near future. The pressure will be explosive and disastrous unless federal, state and local governments adopt some such recourse as the community college.

So far, so good. But the community college also presents certain real dangers. Their faculties, on the whole, are inadequately trained; most state laws—such as New York's—freeze administrative power and control of curriculum in the hands of a board of trustees which must be chosen from the local population. *Who* will the trustees be? *Who* will the presidents be? How can the laws be improved to safeguard professional teaching standards? Public attention must be directed to these questions; the answers will decide whether the junior college will become one of the great glories or one of the great sinkholes of American culture.

Memo to Politicians

If there is something pallid about the civil-rights debate in Congress, the politicians have made it so. Somewhere the fires of passion have been extinguished, and an issue of basic human rights has been turned into the dreary business of counting votes for this party or that. The legislators run scared: the Democratic Party must not be split; the GOP-Dixiecrat alliance must be maintained; the Republicans must get credit for the bill, and so must the Democrats; the President must be supported; the big cities must go Republican (or Democratic) in 1960. To politicians everywhere, we recommend the moving story about John Brown on page 86 of this issue. Martyrdom, of course, is hopelessly old-fashioned; even passion seems ill-mannered in a political era motivated not by ideals, but by backscratching. So much the worse for us.

Talk to Yourself, Mr. Anderson

At the Inter-American Economic Conference in Buenos Aires last week, Robert Anderson, head of the American delegation, told his Latin American colleagues that there aren't any Yankee dollars available for them. This was Mr. Anderson's first public address since he became Secretary of the Treasury, and should set at rest any worries — if worries existed — that the President had appointed a giveaway artist to this key

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position. But, of course, Mr. Anderson's message to our Latin American friends was not a new one; Secretaries of the Treasury, old and seasoned as well as neophytes, have been telling them the same thing for years. What was fresh about Mr. Anderson's speech was the little sermon with which he dressed it up. "You should curtail military expenditures," he told the Latin Americans in effect. "At least one-third of your budgets are devoted, on the average, to national security. This acts as a brake on rising living standards." It is a shame that Mr. Anderson had to travel so far to deliver his sermon. In his own office in Washington he will find tables showing that in the United States budget, 61 cents out of every dollar are being spent on national security.

Khrushchev and the Bonn Elections

In retrospect, it would seem that the Khrushchev-Mikoyan visit to East Germany had more significance for West Germany than for East. No one expected that Khrushchev would promise Ulbricht an open road to unification; nor, when that promise was not forthcoming, did anyone expect Ulbricht to complain. But for Adenauer, who in West Germany is keying his election campaign to the possibility of "buying" unification from the Russians, the Soviet failure to do anything concrete in East Germany was a minor calamity. It takes a minimum of two to unify, and if the East Germans won't play, how much can Adenauer's election promises mean? For the Chancellor, the dilemma goes even deeper. At the moment, he has a trade mission in Moscow which is supposed to negotiate a commercial agreement in exchange for the repatriation of some thousands of missing Germans who are presumably war prisoners in Soviet hands. But Khrushchev has made it plain that, so far as he is concerned, there are no such "missing" Germans. If Adenauer orders his trade mission home, he tacitly admits — on the eve of the elections — that hopes for unification are dim indeed. If he permits it to remain in Moscow, however, the West Germans will think he is willing to "sacrifice" thousands of German fathers and sons in pursuit of territorial unification.

Mr. Adenauer has by no means yet lost his election, but Mr. Khrushchev, by doing no more than wandering around East Germany patting babies on the head, has subtracted a point or two from the odds in his favor.

ONE BILLION CHINESE . . *by Robert Guillain*

THE SUBJECT is rarely mentioned in Peking, yet the fact which dominates all others and the figure which haunts the visitor is the Chinese population; at the present rate it will reach the billion mark in 1980. Nor is that the ceiling. It is estimated that China has every chance of doubling its present population before the year 2000 and even then the limit will not have been reached.

The first census taken by the Communists, the figures of which were published on November 1, 1954, gives China a population of rather more than 600 million, including seven and a half million Formosans and eleven and a half million Chinese living outside China. More than 86 per cent of the Chinese are peasants —more than 500 million. Like all Asian countries, old China is very young. Nearly 265 million of its inhabitants are boys and girls under eighteen years of age.

The present annual increase in the population is about 2 per cent. This means that this year there will be twelve million more Chinese than last year, and the figure will increase proportionately in the following years. Nor is there any prospect of a natural slowing down. The contrary appears probable. This is known and admitted in Peking.

"Before the liberation," I was told, "the birth rate, as far as we can tell from Kuomintang statistics, was 35 per thousand. It has risen today to 37. Mortality on the other hand has decreased, from 25 per cent to 17 per cent. In short, the People's Republic, by bringing peace, hygiene and a rise in the standard of living, has increased the natural birth rate from 1 per cent before the revolution to 2 per cent today." According to these figures, then, one of the most obvious results achieved by the Communist Party is that China today increases twice as fast as it did yesterday.

"China can in fact nourish twice as many Chinese," I was told in Peking by an American doctor, George Haytem, who, after living for years in China, has become a Communist and a naturalized Chinese under the name of Ma Ha-do. "Chinghai, for example, in the Northwest, is a region as large as France. Do you know how many inhabitants it has? Only about a million and a half. Perhaps you think it's the Gobi Desert, just rocks and the dust. You're wrong. There is magnificent soil there. I found a vast fertile expanse of easily irrigated land where there are no more than ten thousand inhabitants. That is only one example."

The officials profess the same optimism when the subject is occasionally broached in their presence. The journalist is given statistics showing

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ROBERT GUILLAIN has been Far Eastern correspondent for various French newspapers for almost twenty years; at present he is staff correspondent for the Paris Le Monde. *Mr. Guillain's article is the final chapter of his book,* 600 Million Chinese, *which Criterion Books will publish in October.*

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the remarkable development of irrigation. He is told at length of the great plan for taming the Yellow River and irrigating its immense basin; it will be a major task and will take half a century. Figures are given of the clearing of virgin soil, on the Soviet model, in particular in the North of Manchuria to which 15,000 penurious peasant families from the province of Shantung were transported in 1955. It is proved that the agricultural and industrial production envisaged is rising faster than the 2 per cent increase in population.

ALTHOUGH I recognize the efficiency of the regime on the material plane, I do not share this optimism. The virgin soil is to be populated, not between now and the year 3000, but immediately, within a quarter of a century. Admittedly the factories produce more, but will they also create, immediately, millions of new jobs? It will become necessary, for example, between January 1, 1970, and January 1, 1971, to create enough new factories and clear enough new land to employ twelve million new workers who will be added that year to the labor market.

Other important queries: will not the development of mechanization and industry, by replacing men with machines, create increasing unemployment, despite the opening of new factories? If, on the other hand, agriculture is mechanized at the rate foreseen by Mao Tse-tung, will there not be millions too many peasants on the Chinese land? Will there not still be millions of surplus men whom it will be difficult to employ in the other branches of the economy? Will there not, too, be a certain aggravation of the difficult problem, which already exists today, of building towns at the same speed as the factories, and of housing the new flock at the same speed? As for the food problem, the most important of all, it will have a triple aspect. First, a constantly increasing surplus population will have to be fed; a larger industrial personnel will have to be supplied (thus a greater number of men who will not be producing their own foodstuffs) and, finally, as the standard of living rises, each Chinese will need more food than in the past. Certainly there will be no lack of labor to work in the fields, but will the earth be capable of providing for the multitudes which will live off it?

As regards industry, already today one sees the shocks which have been produced on the labor market by the appearance of mechanization. When the Chinese technicians wish to sink great metal piles in the ground to build a bridge or lay the foundations of a house on poor soil, the steam pile-driver which would be used by us is replaced by fifty men who, to the rhythm of a song as old as China itself, pull on worn ropes to lift with the aid of a pulley the weight which drives in the pile. These fifty men will be unemployed as soon as this primitive method has been abandoned for the simplest

mechanical pile-driver. It is important that the opening of new building sites should have the effect, not of releasing men from their work, but rather of absorbing millions and millions of men, at an increased speed, during the coming half-century.

The rulers themselves, of course, are not as optimistic as they appear. Last year, before the National Assembly in Peking, a ghost from the vanished Third Force, old Shao Li-tse, made an unexpected and rousing speech. "Does not all our progress risk being jeopardized," he asked, "if our wives present us with a new child each year?" To the general surprise, the orator dared to advocate a policy which until then had been very much taboo—birth control.

The speech immediately gave rise to a public debate, proof that it had been carefully inspired by the party and the government. Other orators before the Assembly supported Shao Li-tse's proposal. The official press entered the fray. Malthusianism, it explained, as a preliminary, is a capitalist heresy. Socialism planned and, contrary to the reactionary system, turned these plans to the good of humanity. Shao Li-tse pursued his attack, explaining in the papers that the Chinese woman should not be too rapidly burdened with children. Birth control was far better than abortion (letting it be understood that this is widely practiced, and claims many victims among the mothers who have recourse to it). "It is important," he concluded, "to find a basic solution to the problem of food supplies." These were words rarely heard, and an anxiety seldom expressed, in public. The author of the article concluded that the dissemination of the theory and methods of birth control would help the country in its task during the period of transition to socialism.

AND, in fact, in 1955 contraceptives appeared on the market. The state pharmacies stocked them. The clinics in the cities gave advice on this subject, and feminine attendance was large. The magazine *Youth of China* gave very precise explanations on methods of birth control.

"We might wonder where this campaign will stop," a keen observer of China said to me in Peking. "The results may be surprising. I seriously think that this regime is probably the first in history which could officially adopt birth control as a compulsory measure, and make sure that its orders will be universally obeyed. A great curbing of births in a country by order of the government would be something quite new. The problems of overpopulation have assumed such proportions that I think we shall see it here. The control exercised over each individual is such that the thing is possible. And who will control the birth control? Quite simple: the street committee. It will fix the quotas, give advice and keep an eye on married couples. As for the great problem of distributing contraceptives in the country, there is a ready-made solution. This task will be undertaken by the agricultural production cooperative. All-powerful in the village, it will simply add

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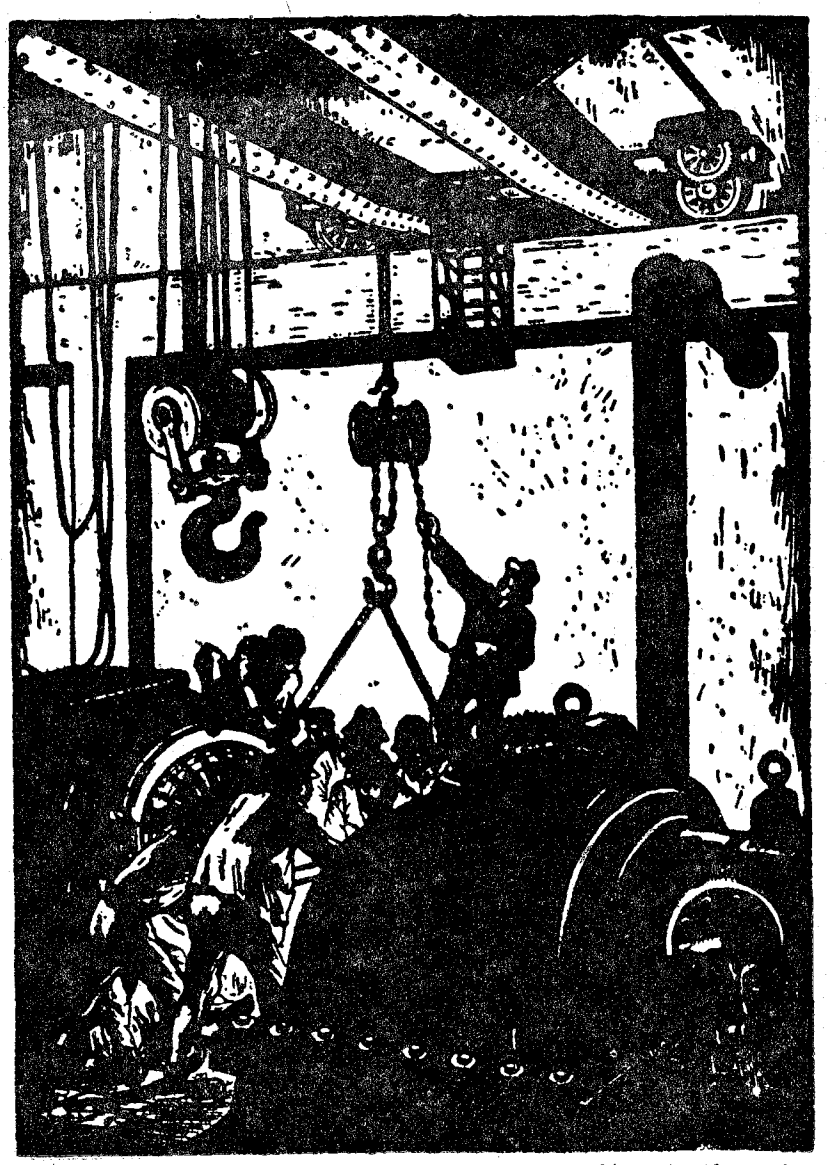
the task of planning reproduction to that of planning production." These very *1984* predictions are perhaps neither so absurd nor so rash as they appear. In fact, what will the year 1984 be like in China unless Draconian measures are taken to arrest the human flood?

Whatever may ensue, the demographic statistics seem to throw new and striking light on the whole Chinese revolution. I sometimes imagine Mao Tse-tung pouring over the latest reports or even over some sort of pressure gauge of the Chinese population: twelve millions more than last year. . . . in four years, an increase equal to the population of France.

WHAT can the officials be thinking as they study the statistics? Could this not be an explanation of the extraordinary acceleration of the socialization of agriculture, so difficult to explain in any other way? In twenty-five years a billion Chinese will have to be fed. The government proposes a solution: to socialize the land. Even if the project is sound, will it not have to be pushed on with ferocious energy? We have an explanation in the famous speech of Mao Tse-tung on agricultural cooperatives in which he flogs the laggards in the party. He fears an increasing impoverishment of the land although it has hardly emerged from agrarian reform. He warns the peasant-worker alliance and, in fact, the revolution itself. Finally the speech reveals the great plan, beyond socialization, of introducing an intensive mechanization of agriculture to be completed by 1978—when the population will have reached a billion.

The problem of population also furnishes a key to the industrial effort. The same date—1978—explains why Stakhanovite methods force the rate in all fields. The spectre of the billion imposes the system even on the stevedore bending beneath his bamboo pole on the banks of the Yangtze. The old coolie of yesterday has little chance, given the weight of this problem, of seeing any rise in his standard of living. To put on speed, to outstrip human inflation, is another explanation for the sudden blossoming of the Russian factories in China. It even explains the entire present-day Sovietization of China. Why do the Chinese no longer have the time, nor take the trouble, to work out Chinese formulas and to adapt Marxism? Why this slavish imitation of Russian experiments? Primarily it is because, in twenty-five years ahead, China will have a population of a billion. The great danger for this country is to see her production of "consumers" constantly catching up and canceling out her production of consumer goods. To avoid this peril, she needs a program of economic transformation, more ambitiously rapid than any that have thus far been launched in the twentieth century. Her industrial revolution has to be carried out at a frenzied speed—in one generation, if possible—so that the graph of production shall keep ahead of the graph of population. This revolution will entail gigantic displacements among the Chinese masses, as rapid as possible an invasion of all the hinterland of China, a speeding-up in the building of new cities, together with a hasty enlargement of the old.

In this climate of mad growth everything is naturally in a perpetual state of revolution. This is what America and the West refused to see at the time when their representatives still had some say in China. They tried to hold back and to preserve, when they should have helped change. We have never understood that the only way of wresting a backward country like China



China Monthly Review

Industrial China (Contemporary Chinese Woodcut)

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from the clutches of communism would have been to rediscover the revolutionary virtues of the libertarian system we claim to be defending. China needed a revolution, and a speedy one at that. We Westerners did not produce it any more than we produce it in our colonial or other possessions where we are inclined to preserve what exists and to tolerate only slow evolutions. China, increasing by twelve million a year, could not wait, but we offered only long-term solutions. China bought her revolution in the only country which sells them—Soviet Russia. This experience should instruct us, for there is every chance that it will not be the last.

On my visit to Manchuria I kept wondering if the Russian machines have arrived in time to get the Chinese out of their difficulty. Our planet has not yet realized that for a long time it has allowed to live in a backward and increasingly dangerous condition a human mass that will soon comprise a billion. Would not the United States have done better to give them machines instead of selling them arms? I know that they have generously given millions of dollars, clothes, food, vaccines, etc. But through their own fault or through the fault of the Chinese, or perhaps both, they have never done what Russia has undertaken today —to arm China, not only with aircraft but with machines. But when I saw these new machines in Manchuria, I asked myself if China should not receive still more and be supplied by other countries beside Russia.

THIS leads me to pose two questions: 1. Will not communism, despite all the possibilities it has for regimenting men and focusing their working rhythm, also be overwhelmed by the vastness of the problems which await it in China? 2. Is it not to be feared that vast China, in order to nourish its mouths and its machines, will be forced to turn towards the nearby wealth of Southeastern Asia and absorb it—not necessarily by armed conquest, but by an economic conquest based on its mass alone?

Against the background of this formidable human flood, Chinese communism is perhaps more explicable, at least as regards its efforts toward material transformation. It is, however, no more excusable or more laudable on this account in its attempts at spiritual deformation; nor is it more tolerable to those who are under its rule. The problem of population, in my opinion, leaves very little hope to the Chinese of seeing in the near future any relaxation in the crushing of the individual by the all-powerful collective. Demographic pressure and political pressure go hand in hand, and the former is the accomplice of the latter. Communism has in China the most powerful reasons for imposing its constraints.

These would be intolerable in another context and, in my opinion, the Chinese example has done nothing to make communism more exportable, but very much the opposite. I find it absurd to quote China as an argument for imposing the same benefits on some European countries. The problems of New China are those of a universe different from ours, a universe of vast spaces, of multitudes, a world elementary in quality and massive in quantity, a world which has never known liberty.

MEMO TO POLITICIANS

JOHN BROWN REVISITED . . *by Truman Nelson*

WHEN John Brown found out that he was going to die on the gallows he said, "Put me in the shadow of the rock." What an extraordinary thing it is that he did get there and that he is still there. Anybody who has even been to his grave at North Elba, New York, would know in a minute why he said this. The rock is huge, rounded and rough on its surface. It rests in a level field, monstrously inert, giving absolutely no feeling that it was split off from any other rock or that it is a fission or fragment of any kind. It is emphatically the rock and nothing else.

The whole scene is awe inspiring. First, there is this bleak, hard-scrabble farm with a ramshackle house weather-worn to a dry black, out of plumb and full of the precariousness which is the inevitable condition of the home of an aging farmer in straits and behind on his payments. It is an ugly little house, with its sagging porch and boxy frame—simply a house as the rock is simply a rock, a place to live in built to the exact pattern of all the other houses lived in by farmers of modest means in its time and place. But around it race the towering masses and peaks of mountain tops. They hurl themselves in purple against the sky, none bringing itself to the slightest composition with the flat conformity of the tamed earth beneath. These profiles rear in majestic solitude, like statues of gods.

The miracle is that the man who willed himself this Valhalla was sentenced to die in infamy as the first American to be hung as a traitor by his own countrymen. The judg-

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ment was passed on him for calmly and deliberately attacking a government arsenal and provoking a lurid sequence of public scenes of almost unbearable tension, upheaval and crisis. His stage was strewn with corpses in the most melodramatic tradition, in the cobbled and compressed setting of Harper's Ferry, which is likewise surrounded by wild natural grandeur, beetling cliffs, dark shaggy ravines and the white-watered striking together of two massive rivers.

During the forty-two days between his capture and execution he had sat, wounded, confined and literally loaded with chains, in a strange land whose most cherished institution he had violated with an intensity unequaled before or since, the target of a barely-controlled lynch mob and amid the palpable miasma of hate, chaos and alarm. Skies blackened with fires from burning hayracks, militia companies marched in random tangents of panic to put down rumors of slave insurrection, the press of the nation bayed like hounds at his heels, nearly every man of consequence in the country, of both parties, joined the newspapers in denouncing the raid as a monstrous, lunatic crime. Naturally, he had serious doubts as to the disposal of his remains.

More concretely, his doubts must have rested on the knowledge that the body of his son, Watson, had been taken to a nearby medical school for use as an anatomical specimen. It was skinned, and the skin varnished, after which a dispute arose whether it should be kept whole or stuffed, or cut up for game pouches. Young Oliver Brown's body was flung into a ditch with a dead Negro comrade folded in his arms. This posture the Virginians took for the ultimate degradation, but by Oliver's standards it was the accolade of his martyrdom.

With these Dantean visions of hell before him, John Brown wrote to his wife: "I am inclined to think you will not be likely to succeed well about getting the bodies of your family; but should that be so, do not let that grieve you. It can make little difference what is done with them. Life is made up of a series of changes and let us try to meet them in the best manner possible. You will not wish to make yourself and children any more burdensome to friends than you are really compelled to do. I would not."

Mrs. Brown thereupon appealed to one of her worst enemies, Governor Wise of Virginia, and he chivalrously supplied her with an order for "the mortal remains of your husband." According to Captain Avis, his jailer, John Brown thought this might grow into too much of a fuss and told his wife at their last interview the night before the execution, "Mary, I would like you to get the bodies of our two boys, also the bodies of the two Thompsons, and, after I am dead, place us all together in a wood pile and set fire to the wood. Burn the flesh, then collect our bones and put them in a large box; then have the box carried to our farm in Essex County and there bury us." When Mrs. Brown strenuously objected to the irreverence of the idea, he replied, "Well, do not worry or fret about it: I thought the plan would save considerable expense and was the best."

THESE remarks, apocryphal or not, are fully evocative of John Brown, his realism, his hatred of ceremonial sham and needless expense, the rough cast and the wire edge of his grim, anarchic Yankee farmer's mind. It was the way he met problems, thrusting his own body into the fire or the noose so that evil must give way to him or he to evil. It was the way he rent the veil covering the hopeless division of the country over slavery: the very men who carried out his sentence of death for treason against Virginia and slavery—Robert E. Lee, J. E. B. Stuart, Stonewall Jackson and other graduates of West Point—not many months later committed treason against the whole Union, for the perpetuation of slavery, and did with force and arms try to destroy a government inevitably growing to be of, by and for all the people, black and white. Certainly a more stunning reversal of a sentence was never given than when the Grand Army of the Republic marched South to finish, with millions, and under the flag, what John Brown had started with his sons, five Negroes and thirteen whites, under God.

I HAVE a friend who lives at Upper Jay, close to North Elba. He and I were overjoyed to hear that on May 9, John Brown's birthday, the faithful gather at the grave for a memorial. We went there on that date this year, but were disappointed to learn that the big ceremony, for some reason, had been put off to another day. There were a few diehards there: two Negro women, three white women, an elderly invalid gentleman in a Tyrolean hat and a minister. Also a dapper little man in an intensely military mustache. He introduced himself as Colonel somebody, the new custodian of the site and after some perfunctory remarks, said that the flag flying over the heroic bronze statue of John Brown with his arm around a Negro lad was there because this was a state reservation—and not in honor of John Brown, who was, of course, a traitor. The two pilgrims reached for their Sharps rifles.

"How dare you say that," I shouted. "How dare you apologize for the American flag flying at the grave of one of our greatest men? It was Lee and Jackson and Jefferson Davis who were the real traitors."

This was a bull's eye. He closed his eyes in pain and said, "I want you to know, Sir, that I am a graduate of V.M.I. and have always looked on Robert E. Lee as my greatest hero."

"He was a traitor, a traitor," I shouted, incoherently. "He fired on the American flag, gave orders to kill thousands of men in the uniform of the United States Army."

"He resigned his commission," said the custodian, backing away. "He did the honorable thing."

"Did he resign as a citizen?" asked my friend, shrewdly. "What makes you think that because a man gets out of the army he still owes no allegiance to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence?"

The custodian did not answer this but said, "Brown attacked a government arsenal to arm the slaves. That

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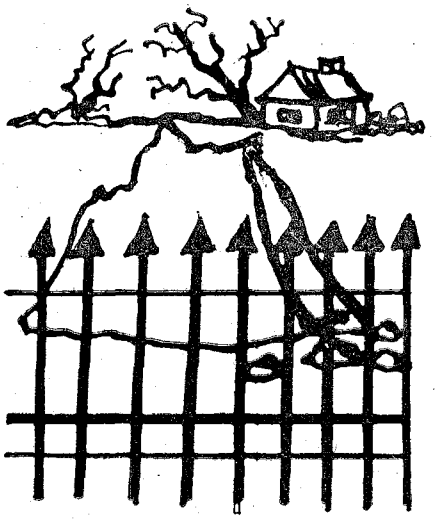
is like attacking the garrison at Leavenworth and then freeing all the prisoners in the pen there."

"Is that the analogy?" I cried. "The slaves then were criminals, with their color their crime . . ."

But then the irony of the situation overwhelmed me. When John Brown was hanged, 1,500 soldiers were massed around him to make sure that the old man saw no demonstration, heard no word of comfort or support, from the people for whom he gave his life. Among the guard, and in the first ranks, were the students of the Virginia Military Institute, under Stonewall Jackson. And now, ninety-eight years after he was laid in his grave, a V.M.I. student and loyal soldier of Jackson and Lee, although appointed by the State of New York, is still fending off honor and sympathy from his name.

I TURNED sadly and walked into the enclosure. It is a formidable fence of high iron, some of the pickets being in the shape of pikes, and the arrangement somehow gives the effect that its purpose is to keep Brown in, rather than the world out. We stood around the grave and the proceedings were taken in hand by a tall, calm and stately Negro woman who called on the minister to pray. The minister, a youngish man in a gray suit, gave a long and eminently suitable prayer, saying that this man gave his life for humanity, a real martyr's prayer which touched us deeply. At this point, a white woman who looked to be a farmer's wife came forward with a little improvised wreath made of ground pine in a loop and laid it against the headstone. The Negro woman explained rather sadly that a proper wreath had been ordered, but hadn't arrived. I began to have the feeling of sharp discomfort that comes at bungled and inept ceremonies, a feeling of despair. But then the Negro woman said simply, "Let us all sing 'John Brown's Body.'" We all sang and the simplicity, the homely truth and compassion of the occasion began to invade me. It was exactly right.

The Negro woman asked if anyone wanted to say a few words. My



friend looked at me, and of course I did. My mouth was suddenly full of these . . . *"I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and with the blood of millions in this slave county whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel and unjust enactments, I submit: so let it be done."* This being, of course, John Brown's last speech to the court.

But I could not utter one word. To be absolutely candid, and you well may advise me to consult the nearest psychiatrist, I completely lost control of my emotions. I could not keep tears from running down my cheeks; I had all I could do to keep from sobbing openly. And so I said nothing.

We left the grave and I went to the minister to thank him for the aptness and beauty of his prayer. He shook his head almost sheepishly and said he was not sure the man deserved it . . . he had heard he was nothing but a crazy murderer. This did not strike me as wholly hypocritical. The man was going according to the cut of his cloth; his eulogy was directed to us. I could not blame him, nor could I altogether blame Lee's lieutenant, although I wish he were somewhere else with his cry of traitor. I blame the historians of this country, the keepers of our records and those of our children.

John Brown is the stone in the historians' shoe. They cannot ignore him, but they try to choke him off in defaming parentheses. This, not because he is dead or inert in the historical sense, but because the question he posed is too damned alive—in the country and in Congress. Are we all citizens and men? he asks. And so they revile him, perjure him and deny the significance of his personality. The outstretched arms of objective scholarship, broad enough to embrace as great American patriots, treasonable racists like Calhoun, Lee and Davis, still crack the slave whip over John Brown. Three among his contemporaries—John C. Calhoun, whose whole life was dedicated to proving that slavery was a positive good and who declared that state laws protecting slavery were superior to laws of the Union and must come first in all conflicts; Henry Clay, whose great compromises always saw that the manacles were kept on the slave to make agreeable weight on the Southern side; and Daniel Webster, whose Seventh of March Speech called for the kidnapping of men into bondage and who became "a keeper of slavery's dogs," as Theodore Parker put it—these three have just been enshrined by the United States Senators of 1957 as the venerable images of their own greatness. And these same Senators are now being asked to undo what Calhoun, Clay and Webster worked to perpetuate—the forms of human slavery, in custom or in law; the subjection of one race to another because one race has few rights which the other is required to respect.

John Brown is still the touchstone of the American faith. Now, as before, his conviction that color has nothing to do with the rights of man, is so monolithic that a nation could again shatter itself against it when it tries to pass it by.

Next year we shall go to his grave again, my friend and I. But next year, when the calm, stately colored woman asks if there is anything anyone wants to say—what tributes, what laurels we shall bring, and the blessings of mankind!

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THE FANTASY of LIMITED WAR . . *by Matthew Josephson*

THE TEN-YEAR boom in armament has not only enriched our aircraft and missile merchants; it has provided employment for a whole regiment of university scholars who lecture and write on military policy. The well-nigh insoluble problems of nuclear military "science" certainly offer a wide scope for the imagination. In the climate of the cold war, however, our new crop of military philosophers may bring forth any doctrines they wish about nuclear war, provided they favor it. They may think whatever they like about our national defense policy, provided they are "right-thinking." As long as they observe these principles, the scholars' discourses on war are eagerly sponsored by leaders in public life, makers of opinion, universities and even eleemosynary foundations. The following remarks are stimulated by three such recent utterances.

Power-Think is the real preoccupation of these military doctrinaires. Owing to the menace of Communist aggression in many forms and in many places, our foreign policy, in their view, must remain "polarized"; must be conducted mainly by threats and counter-threats of military action, or by subsidy payments to potential allies. "How can the United States utilize its military power as a rational . . . instrument of national policy?" is the paramount question that Professor R. E. Osgood undertakes to answer.[1] Dr. Henry Kissinger's coldly rational argument for a strategy of limited wars permits no concern for social morality or human values.[2] We are given only the simple alternative of yielding to "gradual enslavement" by the Russians, or using our nuclear arms to preserve ourselves and our progeny in freedom.

Others have gone on to revise American traditions in conformity with the demands of nuclear power politics. According to Mr. Thomas E. Murray,[3] "History has now laid on America, for fulfillment in the world at large . . . a new international mandate" for the defense of all mankind. Authority for such world-wide extension of our government's policing activities, Mr. Murray believes, is somehow derived from the popular mandate given the founding fathers in 1788 when they decreed the union of the thirteen states. Now it happens that our Communist adversaries also claim a mandate from history. Hence, Mr. Murray concludes, the heart of our problem is "how to harness the illimitable energies of the atom" in order to enforce our own mandate, thwart the mandate of the Communists and defend civilization.

How often in the past have sovereign powers, possessed of a large military equipment and desirous of using it, proclaimed that God or history was on their side! Napoleon's big armies received their sanction from the Goddess of Reason; Kaiser Wilhelm's were fired by the mission of saving *Kultur*, that is to say, civilization.

THAT THE business of "guarding world democracy" with nuclear arms is no simple matter is shown by the several drastic changes of policy announced during the last ten years by the Pentagon or the White House. After 1945, we looked with much complacency upon our so-called monopoly of the atom bomb "secret" as yielding us a supreme advantage in war. Two years later, when the cold war began in earnest, America's military planners thought mainly in terms of air-atomic bombardment. They built up the Strategic Air Command, with its long-ranged carriers of A-bombs as our chief military arm. Popular military journalists, such as Seversky, then advocated total air war and "victory through air power." Under Truman, the Secretaries of the Air Force, Symington and, later, Finletter, outlined plans for massive deterrence or massive retaliation. In September, 1949, however, the Russians exploded their first atom bomb.

We then turned to making "supers" or H-bombs, holding that our forward airbases and long-range planes still gave us a decisive advantage. Yet in the Korean War we found that the weapons of mass extermination were inappropriate. As it happened, neither that war nor the Indo-China crisis of 1954 was arranged to suit our special military capabilities for large area devastation. In any case, the Russians had by then perfected an H-bomb of their own. The civil war in Indo-China, like the Korean War, required "conventional" forces and arms, which America had neglected in favor of air-atomic power. Both wars were kept confined by both sides, and both ended in a peace of compromise.

AT THE height of the Indo-Chinese crisis, Secretary Dulles and Admiral Radford favored dropping A-bombs over the battle zone as an experiment in limited nuclear war; but they were overruled by the British and by President Eisenhower. The Russians, who had previously focused their resources on building a defensive air force, had developed by the end of 1954 long-range (intercontinental) jet bombers capable of reaching U. S. territory. Thus Russia and the United States reached approximate air-atomic parity, or the phase of stalemate. Once more our military policy underwent a shift.

For three years we have existed in what has been called a "balance of terror," with the two military superstates each having the power to inflict inordinate destruction upon the other while lacking any adequate defense of the homeland. Talk of massive retaliation no longer makes

[1]LIMITED WAR. The Challenge to American Strategy. By Robert E. Osgood. University of Chicago Press. 315 pp. $5.

[2]NUCLEAR WEAPONS AND FOREIGN POLICY. By Henry A. Kissinger. Harper and Brothers. 445 pp. $5.

[3]Report to the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy: Thomas E. Murray (as published by the *New York Times*, July 15, 1957).

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any sense. Obviously the Pentagon has found itself in a quandary. One can foresee a saturation point being reached in "super-bombs" for strategic use. Moreover, the taxpayers may grow tired of supporting a huge military budget devoted to making arms of such power that we dare not use them. (The Russians, meanwhile, are suspected of a strategy favoring local disturbances where atomic therapy might work badly.)

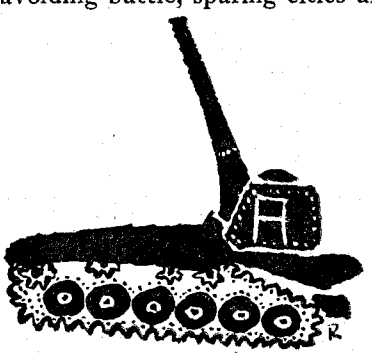
Hence the military authorities have begun to talk up schemes for employing small or low-yield nuclear weapons—President Eisenhower's "clean" bombs—in localized conflicts. The well-informed Mr. Murray assures us that we need not fear the effects of radiation generated by the newly-developed nuclear missiles. They may be "safely" used, it is held, as means of "graduated deterrence" so that the punishment in each case will fit the crime. Now come Messrs. Kissinger and Osgood to gather up all the current ideas about running off limited wars and present them, with an air of scholarly authority, in book form.

Is it to be, then, limited war? This is improvement, indeed! Up to now we had only a stunning picture of a total war that would destroy civilized life in Eurasia, while leaving us with (an estimated) 68 million dead or maimed. Now that there are to be only "small" wars, with but three or four million sacrificed here and there, we may breathe more easily. What is more, Dr. Kissinger assures us that—thanks to technological progress—these affairs will be managed at supersonic speed so that the victims will have no time to worry about what hit them.

Kissinger's ideas for limited war have been touted by Gordon Dean, Hamilton Fish Armstrong and others as constituting a highly original and even "revolutionary" strategy, providing the means for both containing the Russians and avoiding the horrors of all-out nuclear war. This is as much as to say that he has invented the equivalent of that old farmer's shotgun which, according to Yankee folklore, would miss if aimed at a cow, but would hit the target if it was a deer!

Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy is, in truth, a sprightly and provocative affair. Its author takes the reader on a fast ride through the world of nuclear-military "science" and geopolitics. His book is a manual on How to Win Limited Wars, or How to Out-Fox the Enemy Every Time. Disarmament conferences he considers futile, because the U. S. and Russia are so far apart that they cannot agree on minor issues, let alone shed some of their guns. On the other hand, total wars no longer pay; the dread of mutual retaliation as suicide pact tends to paralyze our defense policy. We must not, however, become rigid with fear: if we employ flexible measures, using a "broad spectrum of military-nuclear capabilities," we may counter the cunning shifts or threats of the Communist powers. It is Kissinger's fervent hope that out of the present deadlock, so bleak to the professional military, a new strategy of limited warfare may be evolved, so that we can again afford to march off to war. The losses will be limited; the winnings also will be small. In such times as these, Americans must learn to restrain both their hopes and their moral principles and "run risks without a guarantee of success."

PROFESSOR Osgood's *Limited War* (which complements Kissinger's work of analysis) relies mainly on the historical method, examining specimens of brief military actions in times past. Indeed, both writers speak with nostalgia of the Louis XV style wars, directed by the Marechal de Saxe like formal court ballets. Following strict conventions mutually observed, there were elaborate maneuvers for position, patient sieges; generals took pride in avoiding battle, sparing cities and



even keeping off the grass until the harvests were in. And there were brave costumes, flags and band music; at Fontenoy the aristocratic French officers sighted their cannons with gold lorgnons; the gallant British invited them to fire first. The heads of the warring states, meanwhile, being usually related to each other and having the same ideology, played for small gains, then called the game off.

Kissinger and Osgood would have us return to such wars, restricted in weapons as in theatre through *prior diplomatic agreements* between the contending powers. To be sure, they would insist on using all the new-fangled machines that are expected to be ready for the 1960s: mobile armies of specialists with heavy striking-power, air-lifted by vertical take-off airplanes requiring no airports. The arms would include the new low-yield nuclear bombs, missiles or artillery shells, of four to 500 kilotons (TNT) capacity, for tactical operation against military personnel and installations exclusively. The battle zone would be 500 miles in depth, according to Kissinger's "projection"; cities outside the zone would be immune to attack; those within it would also be spared if they were declared "open" after mutual inspection showed that they held no military installations. He goes on:

> We might propose that neither bases of the opposing strategic air forces . . . would be attacked. It would be helpful that inspectors be admitted to those bases.

Moreover, each side would hold its terrible strategic weapons in reserve, for instantaneous use in the event that the other violated the rules of Dr. Kissinger's nuclear polo game. Should that occur, we would proceed, I suppose, to blow up everything, including ourselves, being comforted by the thought that Mr. Khrushchev would surely lose his job.

The kind of war Kissinger proposes, of phantom air-lifted armies racing around each other, has been criticized as being—like other extrapolations of future nuclear war—fanciful indeed. It is a truism among military analysts that the

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actual effect of a variety of new weapons or tactics can never be estimated properly until they have been tested under battle conditions.

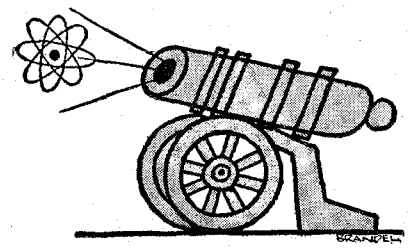
In what theatre could such "limited nuclear warfare" be staged? Would it not be best to consign it to Antarctica, rather than Europe with its dense population? The blast power of even low-yield bombs runs up to twenty times that dropped on Hiroshima. About a year ago the NATO forces held air-war games (they were but little publicized in America), simulating the defense of West Germany against an enemy invader. German military correspondents watched closely while some 335 simulated nuclear bombs were dropped within forty-eight hours over an area stretching from the Netherlands to the Austrian border. "The first exposure to the real NATO strategy," Kissinger admits, "came as a severe shock to German opinion." After estimating the simulated damages, our German allies had serious second thoughts about the usefulness of such a "local defense" of West Germany. Is not "limited nuclear war"—though Kissinger denies it—a contradiction in terms?

How are both sides to be held strictly to the rules? How, amid the dust of battle, are dreadful *misinterpretations* to be avoided? In answer to such questions Kissinger is, by turns, plausible or glib—indeed the suspicion grows upon us that, with tongue in cheek, he is really giving us a clever satire on modern power politics carried out *ad absurdum*. Since all-out nuclear war, he argues, means a suicide pact both for the United States and Russia, it is to the interest of both to work out rules for limited war; the Russians understand this as well as anyone. (But earlier in the book he has assured us that the Russians are fanatical "barbarians" who can never agree with us on anything. Now, when it suits him, Kissinger pictures them as "reasonable" creatures.)

In a tone almost like that of serious *blague* he goes on to recommend that we should always announce in advance our own objectives and intended measures of war, since it is all-important that the enemy should not misinterpret our intentions. (Osgood and other authorities, however, oppose such unambiguous interchanges of intelligence, as being likely to spoil the deterrent effect of any war threat.) Kissinger concludes:

> It therefore becomes *the task of our diplomacy* to convey to our opponent what we understand by limited nuclear war, or at least what limitations we are willing to observe. Unless some concept of limitation is established in advance, miscalculation . . . may cause the war to become all-out even should both sides intend to limit it.

Yet if such elaborate exercises in diplomacy are to be staged in advance of a limited war, calling for exchanges of intelligence and guarantees, and even mutual inspection, then why in Heaven's name cannot the same diplomatic effort be extended toward bringing about peaceful compromises? Even Professor Osgood, who also loves limited war, holds that the Russians have reconciled themselves to numerous painful compromises, from that of Greece in 1947 to Suez in 1956. Both writers, meanwhile, oppose agreements for "banning the bomb" and returning to conventional arms, those of 1939-45, as being favorable to the Communist powers with their larger manpower. But the program for limited nuclear war, Kissinger says flatly on page 196, is to our advantage and unfavorable to Russia. Now all the Russians need do is turn to page 196, and the Kremlin will reject the whole scheme. The only constructive suggestion in *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* is that of extended diplomatic *pourparlers* to precede the ritual of limited war. Let us hope that they become extended and *contagious*.



Nevertheless, Dr. Kissinger's proposals, according to reliable reports, are being seriously weighed by the Pentagon. One of the most interesting features of the limited nuclear war business is that it would demand more, not less, expenditure of money for new types of arms—ultimately about $65 billion a year. Besides, the thing might go on forever, as Kissinger admits, since the winnings would be small, or perhaps nothing. This is a point of great significance to our expansion-minded military bureaucrats and to the technical-war industries which contribute so much to our prosperity.

IT TAKES two to play at limited war, and there is always the risk, admittedly, that the thing might turn into unlimited thermonuclear war. Our experience in the narrowly confined Korean War tells us how reluctant either party is to leave the game when he holds the winning hand.

Napoleon said there was really no such thing as military strategy. There is probably no such thing as a strategy of limited war, no insurance that it will turn out to be brief and chivalrous. The German army's general staff in 1914 laid brilliant plans for a quick war, aimed at knocking out the French in six weeks (as in 1871). Indeed no one can say how these things can be managed conveniently. Osgood in his survey of various "short and local contests" waged during the nineteenth century, and prior to 1914, ignores the fact that they usually served as dress rehearsals for the total wars that followed. Strangely enough, he passes over the recent examples of the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939) and of Japan's limited warfare in China in the 1930s. On the Balkan Wars (1912-1913) and the Russo-Japanese War (1904-1905) he concludes fallaciously that they "caused little disruption of society." The little Balkan Wars set off a chain reaction that led to Sarajevo in 1914. The Russo-Japanese War, which the Czar, no doubt, intended to be quick and profitable for his dynasty, led to a great popular insurrection in Russia and prepared the way for the triumph of the Bolsheviks a decade later. The only scientific estimate that can be made about the results to be anticipated from limited wars is that you simply cannot estimate them.

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DOPE on the DOWNBEAT . . *by Dan Wakefield*

WHEN A drummer, a lawyer, a psychologist, two jazz critics, a priest and a piano player gave the first frank airing of the topic, Music and the Use of Habituating and Addicting Drugs, on a panel at the recent Newport jazz festival, they were making history not only for jazz but the public at large. Although narcotics addiction has come in for a great deal of sensational newspaper publicity in recent years, and made its splash in novels and the movies, public discussion of the problem has become something like complaints of the weather: everybody talks about it but nobody does anything about it. And in the case of narcotics, "everybody talks about it" as somebody else's problem. The Newport panel was the first to break that "respectable" and irresponsible tradition—though many segments of society, aside from jazz, are plagued by narcotics. The United States has the largest incidence of narcotics addiction in the Western world; illegal narcotics sales in the nation last year have been estimated at $400 million—and there just aren't that many saxophone players.

If the average man in the street were asked what sort of people take dope, the chances are he would give "jazzmen" as one of the answers. He would certainly not be likely to answer, "Doctors, nurses and druggists." And yet, the medical field has a higher incidence of narcotics addicts than any other occupational group. The entertainment field, with its subgroup of musicians, and subsubgroup of jazz musicians, runs in second place.

Beyond group or sectional interests, however, the problem of narcotics is significant to every taxpayer in the United States. Maxwell Cohen, the lawyer for jazz musicians George Shearing, Stan Getz, Dizzy Gillespie and others, emphasized the public's stake in the problem by pointing out at the Newport panel a set of hair-raising facts: the illegal traffic in narcotics in the U.S. has tripled since World War II; the use of narcotics is responsible for an estimated 50 per cent of the crime in the nation's large cities and 25 per cent of the crime in the nation as a whole; the results of illegal narcotics use, including crime, punishment and hospitalization, are costing the country nearly two billion dollars a year.

There were many warnings to the Newport sponsors that the choice of "narcotics and music" as a panel subject was not only in bad taste, but would merely serve to strengthen the public image of jazz and "dope" going hand in hand. But those in favor were sure that a factual discussion would help clear the air—and they felt it could also be a start toward finding some solution to the real narcotics problem in music—a problem so complex and sensitive that musicians' unions have consistently shied away from dealing with it.

THE PANEL at Newport met the problem head on—and not only with talk. When the discussion ended, Newport festival sponsor Louis Lorillard announced that the festival board would donate funds to support a permanent narcotics committee made up of the members of the panel. In the brief time since the festival has ended, Maxwell Cohen has met with Lorillard and plans are under way for positive action, including a free clinic with psychiatric help for addicted musicians.

The history of narcotics use, for jazz, goes back to the 1930s. It goes much farther back than that for the nation as a whole, and was in fact in vigorous flower in the early years of the century before the word "jazz" had yet come into being. When jazz musicians in the early 30s began smoking marijuana, a highly complicated process began in which jazz contributed to the popularization of narcotics at the same time that it was victimized by it.

John Hammond, a leading jazz critic and recorder, emphasized on the Newport panel that "music has to shoulder some of the blame" for the stigma of narcotics on the world of jazz. He pointed out that in the early 30s marijuana got part of its publicity through jazz recordings which mentioned its use. A clarinetist named Milton ("Mezz") Mezzrow began making a business of packaging marijuana cigarettes, and did it so successfully that the cigarettes themselves became known as "Mezzes." This, and other slang names for marijuana were used by Louis Armstrong on some of his records of that period, and kids growing up with their eyes on the jazz idols began to think it was smart to smoke the "reefers." They heard that Louis was doing it and he was the greatest — perhaps marijuana could help them be great too.

ONE of the most damaging myths about narcotics and jazz has been, and is, that drugs are actually helpful to the jazz musician's creative work. "Although marijuana apparently stimulates," Hammond explained, "it hurts the timing."

And marijuana is less damaging than other drugs. It is not physiologically addicting, as morphine and heroin are. Although these sometimes may give an original illusion of greater creativity in playing, the end result is not only the havoc wreaked on the player's technical ability, but, as on any addict, the havoc wreaked on his personality.

Charles Winick, the psychologist who participated on the panel, has written in an excellent study of the relation of narcotics and jazz musicians that the use of narcotics has "ravaged the lives" of talented performers who fell prey to "dope."

Billy Taylor, one of the foremost modern jazz piano players, told the panel at Newport, "It's a terrible thing to see talent stifled by narcotics—it's a frightening thing to watch."

He explained that the addict in the jazz field is not so often a successful musician; he is more likely to be a young player trying to get to the top, or an older musician who "feels that time has passed him by."

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor.

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"The young men are being raved about, and the older musician feels the need for acceptance of what he does," Taylor explained. "In frustration and desperation, he turns to something else—to narcotics—to forget."

As for the young fellow just starting out, Taylor said that "Sometimes he is pushed too far too fast. He wants to show the older guys he's 'a man.' If he sees any of the older guys using dope, he wants to do it, too, even use more, to prove himself. And sometimes an older musician will lead a young guy into it—sometimes for profit, if the older guy is on the stuff himself."

THERE ARE also built-in situations that make narcotics a professional hazard to the jazz musician. The general public, which traditionally has envied sports writers for having an easy life by "getting to go to all the games free and making a living off it," in like manner feels that the jazz musician is getting paid for just having a good time. Taylor pointed out that the institution of the "one-night stand" is not as pleasant for the musician as the public might think, and often leads to a search for some outside stimulation.

"You pull up in a bus after riding all day—there's never enough time to get to the next town. You've got to perform for fresh people, and you're far from fresh yourself. You need a bath and a meal and there's no time for either. You're supposed to run right out on the stage and put out your best. Sometimes it's a physical and mental impossibility. It leads many performers to look for another out—something to pep them up."

The other, and perhaps even greatest occupational hazard leading to narcotics use is the instability of income and work possibilities. There are never enough night clubs or recording dates to keep all the musicians in enough work to support themselves and their families, and as the cycle of uncertainty involved in a brief stand and then the search for another keeps continuing, the musician is tempted to turn to some temporary escape from the problem of financial survival.

This natural problem of the profession has been artificially complicated by a New York City ordinance (put into effect in the 20s, when gangsters controlled many of the speakeasies) that requires all entertainers who work in restaurants and night clubs to have police identification cards. Applicants for these cards must list any police arrests—and any police arrests can bar the performer from getting the ID card that permits him to work in New York City.

This regulation cuts several ways. It may punish the former and reformed addict who was arrested on a narcotics charge ten years ago, or even ten weeks ago, and now finds his main chance (New York City) for returning to work threatened by a "record of arrest." It may also punish the musician who has never touched dope in his life but was picked up in a narcotics roundup and arrested on suspicion of possessing dope. No dope having been found on him, he was not convicted, but the arrest is still on his record. In Philadelphia, noted for its special police habit of rounding up all nearby jazz musicians at random in dope raids, there were only 960 convictions out of 2700 arrests in 1953-54 (thus making almost two out of three a mistake) and in New York City, which has one of the best records for accuracy, there were still 1900 dismissals in 8400 narcotics arrests in a recent year's time. Obviously, plenty of performers caught in these raids (which concentrate on going after "big names" for publicity purposes that serve to cover up the inadequate police handling of the narcotics problem) are going to wind up as innocent men who have records of arrest. Such men can be barred from working at their trade in New York City.

One of Maxwell Cohen's proposals to the Newport panel for alleviating the narcotics problem in the jazz field was to "petition and make committee visits to members of the New York City Council to repeal those sections of the Administrative Code which pertain to the identification card system requiring entertainers to list their records of arrests."

In the meantime, one of the specific services of the new narcotics committee will be to offer free legal aid to any musician who is barred from working in New York on the grounds of former arrests. Approximately 360 musicians are now being denied ID cards, for the most part because of former narcotics arrests. Some of these arrests resulted in convictions, but a good many did not. Among these performers are some of the best in the business, including Billie Holliday, who because of this curious law is able to sing in the Central Park jazz concerts but not in a night club.

Recommendations for national and community narcotics reforms were also made by the Newport panel, for the problem of narcotics and jazz cannot finally be separated from the national problem. And that problem grows and festers beneath one of the most archaic and damaging pieces of legislation on the books—as was lucidly summarized by Dr. Alfred Lindesmith in *The Nation* of March 16 (Dope: Congress Encourages the Traffic).

BUT THE committee born of the Newport discussion will concentrate on measures that can have immediate influence in its own particular world. In addition to Cohen's proposals, John Hammond suggested that the committee face up to the question of whether or not band and group leaders should hire performers who are known to be currently using narcotics.

The committee will do a lot of wrestling, and it will be the wrestling of adults with a full-grown monster, long come of age and long untouched by "respectable" people pretending it isn't there at all—or is safely confined in someone else's backyard. The American Medical Association, which recently adopted an excellent set of proposals for narcotics legislation on a national scale, has never dealt with the problem of addiction among doctors, the country's largest occupational group of users.

The existence and the action of the Newport committee is testimony to the growing maturity of jazz as a social as well as a musical force in American life.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Veblen and the Society of Consent

Arnold A. Rogow

THE PRESENT YEAR marks the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Thorstein Veblen, and the twenty-eighth year since his death in 1929. His life-span was a long one, reaching from Buchanan to Hoover, and from Darwin to Einstein, and it also traversed the social science of Marx, which Veblen respected, the psychological science of Freud, which he disregarded, and the political science of Wilson, which he despised. If he is a less significant figure than some of these others, it is partly because his analysis, unlike theirs, promoted no reform or revolution, and prescribed no therapy. A pessimist throughout his life and a fatalist at the end, Veblen saw no way around the prevailing institutions and habits he referred to as the price system, the vested interests, the leisure class, conspicuous consumption, and the higher learning. Indeed, the system was pervasive enough, and secure enough, to assimilate him in his last years. In terms of ideas he was the outsider-become-insider, taken up by the leisure class, and conspicuously consumed by the apostles of the higher learning.

Even so it is doubtful that the centennial of his birth will be celebrated in the land. My own experience as a teacher suggests that the present generation of college students has not only not read Veblen; it has never heard of him. There is no initial recognition in the classroom at the mention of his name, and no use of his phrases and terms which once were almost clichés. Moreover, reaction to Veblen, after sampling his ideas, is mainly hostile or indifferent. Can we therefore conclude that Veblenism is passé, dated, of little relevance to the contemporary scene?

As part of an effort to explore this question I have lately been reading some recent interpretations of Veblen advanced by leading social scientists.* They seem to me important in that they provide a kind of triple illumination. They tell us something about Veblen, something about our own time, and something about current social thought.

OF THESE interpretations, the one put forward by David Riesman is the most critical. The legacy of Veblen, as seen by Riesman, consists of scope rather than depth. Veblen, he writes, had "an eye for much that was central in turn-of-the-century experience . . . [but] suffers from the extra-ordinarily rapid changes which have made his experience, not obsolete, but peripheral to our own. The Vested Interests of business which frightened him seem only marginal menaces to us, at least in the United States." He goes on ". . . change has made much of Veblen irrelevant . . . [but] change has also served to make salient certain themes in Veblen which were less important in his own day. The breadth of his social science interests, his concern for what was changing, his use of history as anthropology and anthropology as history—these help provide us with the image of a modern social scientist who is less specialized, less adrift in the merely contemporary, than most prevailing models. . . . Veblen steadily recalls us to the study of fundamentals, even if they are not the same fundamentals that attracted him."

C. Wright Mills, on the other hand, is rather more impressed with Veblen's depth. "Veblen," argues Mills, "dropped us through the looking glass into the fantastic world of social reality. What Veblen said remains strong with the truth, even though his facts do not cover the scenes and the characters that have emerged in our own time. He remains strong with the truth because we could not see the newer features of our own time had he not written what and as he did, which is one meaning of the fact that his biases are the most fruitful that have appeared in the literature of American social protest." One of Mills's

*David Riesman: *Thorstein Veblen: A Critical Interpretation.* Charles Scribner's Sons. 1953. C. Wright Mills: Introduction to Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class.* Mentor. 1953. Bernard Rosenberg: *The Values of Veblen: A Critical Appraisal.* Public Affairs Press. 1956. Arthur K. Davis: "Thorstein Veblen and the Culture of Capitalism," in *American Radicals: Some Problems and Personalities*; Harvey Goldberg, ed. Monthly Review Press. 1957.

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The Revelation

"Death, violent and near."

The alchemy and mystery is this,
no cross to kiss,
but a cross pointing on a compass-face,
east, west, south, north;

the secret of the ages is revealed,
the book un-sealed,
the fisherman entangled in his nets
felled where he waded
for the evening catch,
the house-door
swinging on the broken latch,
the woman with her basket on the quay,
shading her eyes to see,
if the last boat
really is the last,
the house-dog lost,
the little hen escaped,
the precious hay-rick scattered,
and the empty cage,
the book of life is open,
turn and read:

the linnet picking at the wasted seed,
is holy ghost,
the weed,
broken by iron axle,
is the flower
magicians bartered for.

H. D.

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major criticisms of Veblen is that he did not understand the function of prestige in the power structure: "Prestige buttresses power, turning it into authority and protecting it from social challenge. . . . He saw 'the kept classes' and 'the underlying population,' but he did not really see the power elite."

Bernard Rosenberg, if I understand him correctly, feels that Veblen's analysis was mainly correct, that "There is an astonishing predictive value in Veblenism. . . ." According to Veblen, says Rosenberg, "there will never cease to be deprivation of the many who serve the few as long as plenary discretion in industrial matters remains with those least able to understand it." And Rosenberg adds, "It is still so in America that the financier, who is seldom more than a routine administrator, has final authority." Elsewhere he observes that "Bureaucratism is the main datum with which Veblen works," and he holds that short of dismantling industry "it is certain that the bureaucrat will rule us."

For Arthur K. Davis, the "core of Veblen's social theory is largely Marxian," in the sense of Marxism as "a relatively broad conception . . . a developing tradition of thought, not a set of rigid dogmas." Davis, like Mills, credits Veblen with a large measure of truth, and he attributes "the amazing insight with which Veblen unlocked and laid bare some of the controlling historical trends of the present" to Veblen's "mastery of the 'Marxian key.' Like Marx, he saw a basic tension between the community's industrial arts and its institutional framework."

ALL OF these interpretations lay heavy stress on the sensitizing function of Veblen's theories, and certainly that function is a substantial bequest to contemporary social science. I am inclined to agree with Mills that Veblen neglected a key process by which power is made to prevail, and to hold with Davis that there is a Marxian core in Veblen's work, in Davis' sense of the term. I think that Rosenberg is largely correct in maintaining that Veblen analyzed, and to some extent predicted, the role of bureaucratism in modern industrial society.

The Riesman interpretation tends to minimize the substantive application of Veblen's work to the present, and it is to this interpretation that the students, and for that matter the majority of social scientists, are most responsive (indeed, in college circles Riesman has replaced Veblen as a source of images and ideas). Veblenism, it appears, does not "fit" the experience of the post-Depression, post-New Deal generation, and the image of society held by most social scientists is far from being the image held by Veblen. Social criticism has given way to social affirmation, both inside and outside the classroom.

SUCH affirmation, I would argue, is less a consequence of basic change since Veblen's time than a result of total immersion in the institutions and mores that Veblen condemned. To be sure, there has been significant change, and some aspects of Veblen's thought are now dated, but the change has taken place *within* the broad institutional and cultural framework that Veblen described. If the business community is now more devoted to maximum production and abundance than it was in Veblen's day, it is largely because maximum production and abundance have largely worked out as maximum profits. Even so, Veblen would have no difficulty placing in context the recent production-limiting, price-raising tactics of the oil industry in the face of the Suez Canal closure.

But whereas the price system was dominant when Veblen wrote, it has become all-inclusive in our own time. It has absorbed, or is rapidly absorbing, the machine process and the engineers, the working class and the minority groups. Even the vested interests, in a sense, have become society-wide, because the modern American political economy is careful to provide each class and group its share of profit. The leisure class, as Veblen defined it, is still small in number, but in the course of aspiring to join it most Americans have already adopted its psychology and outlook. The leisure class, wrote Veblen, is that class which

> has also a material interest in leaving things as they are. Under the circumstances prevailing at any given time this class is in a privileged position, and any departure from the existing order may be expected to work to the detriment of the class rather than the reverse.

The price system, in a word, not merely survives, it prevails. Indeed, it has been strengthened since Veblen's time by New Deals and Fair Deals, Hot Wars and Cold Wars, and a variety of psychological and cultural gimmicks that place us forever, if I may adopt Mills's image, on the Wonderland side of the Looking Glass. And in Wonderland even the Veblenian instincts, assumed by him to be antithetical to the price system, find innocuous expression or are trained to play a supportive role: workmanship in the Do-It-Yourself movement, idle curiosity in the quiz-program amalgam of useless knowledge and useful money, and parenthood in "Togetherness."

But mainly the price system prevails because so far it has paid off. In a sense, its appeal is similar to the appeal of the Marxist system in other parts of the world. For Maxism *as a mass movement*, like capitalism *as a mass movement*, has its roots in individual and class self-interest.

In the final analysis, Veblen's appeal was less to self-interest than to a "better" human nature, and the image of a "better" world. While there is a Marxian core in Veblen's analysis of institutions, there is also an implicit core of idealism, a dream of emancipation from the profit motive. If that appeal has foundered, it is largely because we are not idealists, and we no longer dream of emancipation.

THE LEGACY of Veblen, nevertheless, is as rich as any inheritance in the whole history of American social science. His analysis of the relations between institutions and economic power, his exploration of the political and cultural derivatives of the cash nexus, his insight into the social and psychological prerequisites of class hegemony, his elaboration of the

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ultimate impact of technology (and related probing of the consequences for Germany and the world of technological lag), his treatment of the superficially disparate universes of economics, culture and politics as a cosmological whole—these contributions of Veblen enrich our own perception and understanding.

This is not to say that Veblen's theories constitute a complete social science. The instinct of workmanship, like most instinct theories, is highly over-simplified, as is the role of the leisure class with reference to the instinct of workmanship. Veblen did not, in general, discriminate sufficiently between business civilization and industrial civilization: much that he ascribed to the former seems also to be characteristic of the latter. The experience of other countries suggests that industrial socialism and industrial communism have something, at least, in common with industrial capitalism. Veblen also intended to slight the non-economic sources of alienation from work, which, if A. C. Spectorsky is correct, afflicts workers on Madison Avenue no less than those in Detroit. For that matter, Veblenism does not explain the alienation from play, manifest in part in the frantic pursuit of vicarious amusement; nor does it enable us to understand why leisure is increasingly becoming a problem.

At this point in time one's evaluation of Veblen (who could not anticipate everything) is conditioned by where one stands in what Holmes called "the stream of events." Those who stand to the left of events, as do Mills, Rosenberg, Davis and a minority of social scientists, are apt to take from Veblen substance and sensitivity. Those who stand in the middle of events, as do Riesman and a majority of social scientists, are apt to respond, perhaps nostalgically, to the sensitivity alone. And if one stands to the right of events (or properly speaking not in the stream at all), as do most of the students, he will see in Veblen neither substance nor sensitivity.

But these positions are not fixed, nor is the stream of events static. Ultimately, the evaluation of Veblen will depend on what course the stream takes, whether or not it is the exact course that Veblen predicted. Meanwhile, wherever we stand, and whatever our view of the world or national crisis, it is useful to remind ourselves of his statement of more than forty years ago:

> History records [he wrote in 1914], more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have by force of instinctive insight saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious institutional situation, such, for instance, as now faces the peoples of Christendom.

A Bottle of Pop

THE ORDEAL OF GILBERT PINFOLD. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. 232 pp. $3.75.

May Sarton

EVELYN WAUGH is at his best when he finds a theme which permits him to deploy (how light-heartedly!) the full armory of his savage humor, his mature irony and above all his irresistible schoolboy hilarity in order to shoot at a large simple target. The explosions are loud, unsubtle and shed a brilliant light. We, the readers, are infected with something like savage joy, the joy of witnessing cherished symbols, beliefs, traditions, snobbisms lit up to show their absurdity. We are cleansed in a shout of loud, happy laughter; we are given the pleasure of innocent sadism relieved of responsibility or guilt.

The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold is an exercise in another sort of explosion, a depth-charge into personality, and not into a "typical" personality, but a singular individual, a middle-aged successful writer whom we suppose to be Evelyn Waugh, since we are informed in a brief foreword that the novel grew out of a "real," though fortunately temporary experience of hallucination, and after we have read the novel we are able to define the "hallucination" as paranoid. Evelyn Waugh has translated this experience into a fantasia on the unconscious. What a superb theme! Evelyn Waugh taking on the affectations and absurdities of "fashionable" psychiatry and philosophy; Waugh going to town on the contemporary absorption in the sense of guilt; Waugh satirizing not all the "others," but himself; Waugh turning the critics' sword-thrusts into laughter; Waugh, finally, confounding his own unconscious and laying his own devils. Our expectations are immense.

But somehow the bottle of champagne we open so eagerly does not quite pop. *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold* is an odd, absorbing excursion that never seems to reach its destination. Possibly this is a failure in plot; possibly it is a failure in courage. Satire of this sort must be audacious, *outré* and go the limit. Here we are taken through a series of hair-raising attacks on Mr. Pinfold's embattled psyche, but we are deprived of the final moment of shock. At the crucial end, the novel simply falls to pieces. Mr. Pinfold is able to recognize that he is being persecuted by his own unconscious, but he somehow emerges sane without ever facing what his unconscious was trying to tell him. In a letter to his wife near the end of the ordeal which Gilbert Pinfold has been suffering alone on a ship taking him (ostensibly for a rest cure) to Ceylon, he states his conclusions about what has been happening to him. He says about the "voices" who have pursued him so mercilessly, "They can see into the minds of the most obdurate. They first break the patient's nerve by acting all sorts of violent scenes which he thinks are really happening. They confuse him until he doesn't distinguish between natural sounds and those they induce. They make all kinds of preposterous accusations against him. Then when they get him into a receptive mood they start on their psycho-analysis." But at just this point Gilbert Pinfold rebels, turns the tables on the "voices," fights them, and—somewhat to our astonishment—wins, without ever, it would seem, coming to terms with them. He has not come to grips with his fantasies; he has simply admitted that they are fantasies.

IN THE early pages of the novel Gilbert Pinfold is defined: "He wished no one ill, but he looked at the world *sub specie aeternitatis* and he found it flat as a map." Possibly the failure here is that a human being who looks at the world in this way, is not going to be able to deal with personality except at the level of glancing, outrageous, simple caricature. We remember with nostalgia, "Lady Throbbing and Mrs. Blackwater, those twin sisters whose portrait by Millais auctioned recently at Christie's made a record in rock-bottom prices, were sitting on one of the teak

MAY SARTON's forthcoming novel is The Birth of a Grandfather.

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benches eating apples and drinking what Lady Throbbing, with late Victorian chic, called a bottle of pop." At a time when the English novel is in the hands of fearfully earnest, angry young men, these immortal memories exhilarate us like a bottle of vintage champagne. It is possible that Mr. Waugh will some day succeed in showing us the world of the unconscious as flat and exposed as a map, and we shall enjoy a burst of loud and saving laughter at our own expense. But, alas, not this time. Not this bottle of pop.

Generalissimo of the Little War

SOVIET RUSSIA IN CHINA. A Summing Up at Seventy. By Chiang Kai-shek. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. 393 pp. $5.

Benjamin I. Schwartz

IT IS with a certain sense of expectancy that one opens what purports to be a book of reminiscences by Chiang Kai-shek. As a figure who has occupied a strategic position in the singularly stormy and complex history of modern China, as a man who has had, as he boasts, "thirty years experience with communism," he should provide new facts and interesting reflections based on the rich store of his memories. One naturally is ready to find these experiences discussed within the framework of his characteristic viewpoints.

Unfortunately, this book is not really a book of memoirs, but a tract for the moment — and a tract designed strictly for American consumption. From the panegyric to the American Revolution on the first page of the introduction to the assurance in the conclusion that America can support local wars of liberation without becoming involved in them, it is written wholly with an eye to American preoccupations and susceptibilities.

The central thesis of the book is, in effect, that Chiang's thirty years of experience with communism have provided him with a unique insight into what might be called the Grand Strategy of Communism. Possessing this unique insight, he is equipped above all others to recommend an appropriate counter-strategy.

One need not dispute Chiang's claim to an understanding of certain aspects of communism. His background and his experiences during the 1920s led him at an early date to perceive the ancient, familiar political realities which lurked behind the new ideological labels of communism. His interests as a political leader led him to appreciate at an early date Stalin's overwhelming concern with the power interests of the Soviet Union. He was also perfectly aware that the ultimate aim of the Chinese Communists was total power. And, obviously, somewhat more limited in his understanding of the Communists' ability to use social and psychological conditions within China itself to increase their own power.

WHAT can be said, however, about the claim to have found the key to the Grand Strategy of Communism? What we have here is a notion — shared by some Western experts — of a static manual of operations, based presumably on the abstract formulae of Hegelian dialectic, which accounts for all the political successes of the Communist world. (In Chiang's version, Marx himself was the main author of the manual.) Armed with this manual, the Communist leadership is always master of every situation involving political action, psychological warfare, propaganda, etc. It is never taken by surprise and can find in its master plan a recipe for dealing with every contingency. Only in the field of military weapons can the non-Communist world compete on anything like equal terms.

A very important corollary for Chiang and the nationalist government is the notion that the application of this strategy is the exclusive prerogative of the Kremlin itself. The Chinese Communists have from beginning to end been nothing but the merest puppets in the hands of Moscow. When Moscow suffered an apparent defeat in Yugoslavia, it immediately responded by engineering the victory of the Chinese Communists. Furthermore, due to the infinite superiority of Russia's political and psychological weapons, all forms of neutralism must inevitably serve the purposes of Moscow.

No one can deny that Marxism-Leninism focused the attention of its practitioners on certain areas of problems which until recently have been neglected by the non-Communist world. At the same time, I would suggest that a close and detailed study of Communist history over the past thirty years hardly supports the notion of the Grand Strategy. Many of the elaborate strategy gems

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of world communism have not been masterful blueprints for the future, but hastily contrived makeshifts for meeting unanticipated situations in the present. From Lenin to Mao, the leaders of world communism have been as often surprised and confused by the caprices of History (whom they claim to have entrapped) as the rest of us, and even their successes have probably been due as much to the weaknesses and blunders of their opponents as to the magic science of their manual.

But by convincing us that we cannot possibly cope with communism in the political, social and psychological spheres, Chiang leaves us only the military sphere in which to maneuver. This leads naturally to his suggestion that our one hope lies in the military support of local wars of liberation in Taiwan, Korea and Vietnam.

Repugnant as the prospect may be, serious arguments can be made for the proposition that war is the only way out. It is precisely here, however, that the book's fundamental dishonesty becomes apparent. From the depths of his much-boasted knowledge of communism, Chiang is able to assure us that we can support wars of liberation against the mainland of China without in any way involving ourselves in any major war.

While we can appreciate the preoccupations which lie behind the book — the fear that a "Two-China" policy may come to prevail in America; the fear that the Nationalists will never get another chance — these preoccupations do not increase its value as history or political theory.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

HAVING complained sufficiently, I have been looking for something to be cheerful about. I found it—in Central Park.

Very near the geographical heart of Manhattan there is a Summer Shakespeare Theatre where in the open air an organization calling itself the Shakespeare Workshop has been giving a series of productions of the Bard's plays more satisfactory than any I have seen hereabouts for a long time.

The first production I saw was a thoroughly captivating one of the delightfully inconsequential *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This is Shakespeare in his most youthfully bubbling vein—refreshingly lighthearted, full of animal spirits, bursting with the promise of genius.

The director, Stuart Vaughan, has understood the basic tenet of Shakespearian production: everything must be activated. Speech must form part of a fabric of sustained movement and visualization in a spirit either of overflowing festiveness or passion. The keynote is virility. Here obscenity is preferable to a vapid prettiness. Abandon is closer to Shakespeare than gentility.

The entire cast is to be congratulated. The clowns were really funny. The lovers , handsome and winning, were mercifully without either of the two besetting sins in such performances—cuteness and stuffiness—and their lady loves were robust, reminding us that the original actors of these parts were young men. Here was a consummate ensemble—down to the best cast dog I have ever seen on the stage.

The play, I repeat, is young, and the cast as well. The same is true of the cast which plays *Macbeth*. But this play requires maturity and a different sort of vigor—the vigor of profound experience. Though the cast is perforce unable to bring these attributes to it, the actors play it with as creditable an approximation of them as can be expected.

This play, too, is directed by Stuart Vaughan with admirable dramatic intelligence. It moves fluently on a set that is ably used—it is a sound adaptation of the Elizabethan stage—and it has the ruggedness which suits the semi-barbaric atmosphere of the story. In short, the plot is arrestingly told, and to insist on all that is not conveyed of this immense drama would be captious to the point of unfairness.

I do not mention the individual actors by name (though a large number of them deserve such mention) because the finest thing about their achievement is the rightness of the entire event in which the packed and rather young audience—who ever said Shakespeare wasn't a popular playwright?—complements the performance perfectly. To all who have made these performances possible—one should not fail to notice the producer Joseph Papp—our warmest thanks. And, remember, the price of the show is just right: it is free.

AT THE Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Conn., we may now see Katherine Hepburn, Alfred Drake, Moris Carnovsky and other attractively talented players in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is a most pleasant play and you will probably find the production agreeable too. It has a vanilla flavor with streaks of peppermint. I mean it is a little mild.

The fault that many of our Shakespearian comedy productions suffer from is a confusion of Shakespeare's gaiety with childishness. The actors tend to behave like prep school kids playing for a prep school audience. Shakespeare's audiences consisted of the court gentry and a rough rabble—and there wasn't as much difference in temperament be-

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tween the two as one might suppose.

Shakespeare's fun is often tender and delicate, but these qualities represent the bloom of a formidable tree powerfully rooted in rank soil. When Shakespeare treads lightly it is on the strongest sinews that ever a poet possessed. The arch and the coy—teeny weeny bits of "business" out of dusty stock-company farces—will not do.

I SAW Shaw's *Good King Charles' Golden Days* (Downtown Theatre) long after it opened with a cast composed chiefly of replacements and understudies. The play has no plot whatever. It is as if by the time he wrote it—it was one of his last works—Shaw didn't care whether what he wrote was properly a play or not. Yet the evening was a pleasure.

All the old Shaw themes were there: his respect for concrete knowledge and science together with his understanding of their limitations, his impatience, almost despair, over the inadequacies of democratic government and his skepticism as to solutions for its betterment, his love of the arts and the somewhat vagabond people who engage in them, and his indecision as to whether what they achieve is of truly supreme importance. Shaw was prolix, but on the whole we may rejoice that he so often went on and on and on. To be in his company is still one of those treats which makes living a good thing.

Another play I saw weeks after its premiere was James Lee's *Career* (Actors Playhouse). This is a play which describes how tough it is to pursue a career on the stage in this our beloved town and country. The play is primary drama and yet, because it hews to an honestly factual line and because its heart is in the right place, while the actors who play it really know whereof they speak, it manages to be touching.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Newark Museum is holding a summer show of 19th century American painters in the genre style. Here boys are stealing watermelons, girls shelling peas, haymakers dancing, young men stealing kisses, people listening to war news, skating in Central Park, cooking maple syrup—exactly the kind of topical subject we find today treated soberly on the covers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, or lightly on *The New Yorker's*.

A great many pictures like these, copied in lithograph by the firm of Currier and Ives, were intended for precisely this sort of public distribution. But the works here were made for domestic consumption—small household objects to add interest to the comfortable interior. The style was hugely popular. There even existed in New York in the 1840s a Düsseldorf Gallery, named after the city which specialized in producing such anecdotal scenes.

Düsseldorf, not Munich, Rome or Paris, was where the painters went to study. Even those who did not felt the influence of its school, which offered a practical method for painting these small and highly-detailed works. The method was indirect; painting was done not after nature but after drawings the painter had made. With these for reference, he drew his picture with brown paint and then put on the colors of his objects. The shadows were thin, transparent and for the most part brown. Only the lights and the half lights were colored. With thin shadows, a suitable varnish medium and soft sable brushes, the work could be made as detailed as the painter desired or as the public for these pictures demanded.

We have certain prejudices today against the slick surface and the umber tonalities this method produces. But in the hands of a skillful workman the effects can be extremely handsome, particularly if the painter does not exaggerate his chiaroscuro. The side lighting of chiaroscuro with its accompaning heavy shadows, since here they are a uniform brown, will render the color unpleasantly heavy. One thinks of the amateur who said to Samuel Butler, "I know what color to paint the lights, but what color do I paint the shadows?" Here there is no question. Shadows are brown. The brown is there, not as a color or for color reasons. It is the necessary framework of the picture. At the same time it defines the tonality, harmonizes the colors and permits quite wonderful dexterity in the painting of detail.

A great many of the thirty-nine canvases shown—one for each artist—have chiefly an antiquarian interest. I myself would have preferred to see a larger representation of the vigorous men like William Sidney Mount, George Caleb Bingham and the young Winslow Homer. The picture by Mount, *Music is Contagious, or Dance of the Haymakers*, is as skillfully done as any Messionier or Fortuny. The Bingham, a country contest—*Shooting for the Bull*—has a wonderful air of Poussin. The Richard Caton Woodville *War News from Mexico* is solid in drawing, handsome in color and compact in composition. Enoch Wood Perry, Jr. is represented by a small canvas of admirable color and charming wit—a group of young men lounging on a hotel balcony in all the attitudes appropriate to a lazy Sunday afternoon. *Skating in*

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Central Park by the Hollander, Johann Mongles Culverhouse, has all the elaborate detail and aerial perspective of a 17th century Dutch landscape.

THE Metropolitan Museum has hanging for the summer some eighty French canvases, Modern and Impressionist, borrowed from private collections. A great many of these are already familiar in photograph and reproduction. It is nevertheless a great pleasure, and sometimes a great surprise, to see the pictures themselves. One could never have guessed from a reproduction the delicacy of color of Rousseau's *Carnival Evening*—all greys, browns and blues—or the sophistication of its paint surface. This is not naive painting. There is an unexpected Leger of a Southern French town, not in cubes at all but with a hot blue sky over a hot hill-climbing street. The Gauguin *Still Life with Onions* has brilliant color put down in strands almost as if woven in tapestry. The Van Gogh self portrait, belonging to Robert Lehman, to my surprise shows a receding chin, painted perhaps before the painter cultivated a beard. The *Shrimps* of Matisse has a perverse and successful composition with a table edge parallel to the vertical side of the canvas. A Signac, of *St. Briac, Les Balises*, could be mistaken for the Seurats hanging next to it. I had not remembered the two painters were so much alike. Manet's *Mme. Brunet* is dressed in a black silk rep that only he could have painted. The sitter is touching and elegant, the painting luxurious and sober. Degas' beautiful *Chez La Modiste* shows the painter Mary Cassatt trying on a hat. Braque, in *Under the Awning*, gives the effect of blinding summer sunlight. The harlequin in Picasso's *Harlequin and Woman* has Picasso's face. But then Picasso has always put himself in his pictures; even the disturbing adolescent of his *Boy with Pipe*, now on show at the Museum of Modern Art, has some such likeness to Picasso, based at least on a spiritual resemblance. Corot's *Bacchante and Leopard* is the handsomest of his figure pieces I have yet seen.

The striking thing about all these paintings, comparing them with the pictures in Newark, is the clearness of their tones and the immense variety of their color schemes. In this painting color is never used as an added ornament on top of a design in monochrome. The color is a basic element of the picture. The painter begins his work with a brushload of colored paint. And each subsequent brush stroke is put down as a real color with a studied color relation to all the other colors on the canvas. The black-and-white value of the stroke defines the drawing of the forms he is constructing. But he never allows himself to forget that each brush stroke must be a patch of unambiguous color, no matter how small it may be. Even Corot, whose shadow framework is brown, never uses the same brown twice in a painting.

THIS is a Venetian tradition, brought to its perfection by the Tiepolos. In their works each tone of the modeling—light, middle tone, and dark—is a definite color. The warm-and-cold relationship of these tones is exaggerated. And the amazing brilliance these painters achieved with their relatively dull pigments comes uniquely from the careful harmony and contrast of these real tones.

This system of painting does not lend itself to the over-elaboration of detail. To make an unambiguous tone the paint must be put on fairly thick. Each color must be precise. Glazes and scumbles, which greatly facilitate detail, are enemies of frank tones. And with thick paint in definite color tones, tiny details are too unrewarding to be worth the trouble. Detail must be implied rather than stated. As Max Jacob, who was also a painter, said, "It is inexactitude that saves us all."

Opaque paint in explicit color and no nonsense about what our ancestors called "finish"—that is the working method behind all these pictures. Nor was the question put to Butler at all inane. The answers to "what color to paint the shadows" would completely describe the methods of what we think of as the painting of our time.

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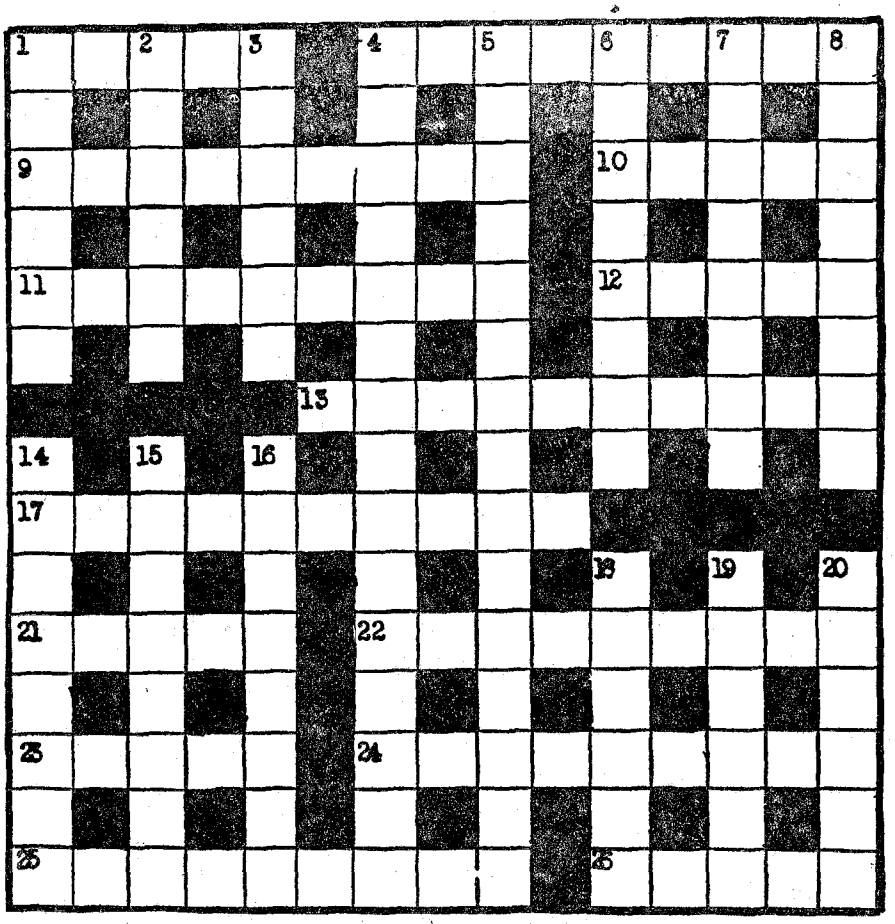
Crossword Puzzle No. 735

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What a comb sometimes does the wrong way with leather. (5)
4 Their philosophy certainly doesn't seem constructive. (9)
9 Armor tube, quite likely associated with the plant. (9)
10 Such conviviality usually implies lots of 23. (5)
11 The attitude of the reader, the editor hopes! (9)
12 Fish out of 1 across. (5)
13 One who throws his weight around, seemingly in a run-down club. (4-6)
17 Ritual tree, which college students sometimes consider merely lit. (10)
21 Not quite good objets d'art. (5)
22 Obviously oil contributes to a soft tone. (5-4)
24 Onomatopoetic, perhaps. (9)
25 This device suggests an embedded jewel. (9)
26 Smooth bottoms, wrong way to! (5)

DOWN:

1 Are they used to raise things "accidentally on purpose"? (6)
2 Part of the G.I.'s fruit salad (6)
3 You can bet on this being equal to an old song! (6)
4 Without official rank, nevertheless? (15)
5 You might consider him Rumanian, it's a belief of some. (15)
6 What's the point, after a frolic in the garden? (8)
7 It's every harshness you can imagine! (8)
8 Certainly not colonial. (8)
14 They're not quite slaves in a Paris love nest! (8)
15 One way to get more stout. (8)
16 Perhaps the explanation of Argentum. (8)
18 Talk about a donkey! Quite the opposite, but they involve critical appraisals. (6)
19 What a woman might wear to be powerful inside. (6)
20 The mark of a bad skater, no doubt. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 734

ACROSS: 1 BRUSSELS SPROUTS; 9 RIBBAND; 10 INFERNO; 11 ELANDS; 12 RELEVANT; 14 LODESTONES; 16 LYNN; 17 NICE; 19 LANDOWNING; 22 CENTAVOS; 23 PEN PAL; 25 STEALTH; 26 IMPASSE; 27 SELF-EXPLANATORY. DOWN: 1 BORDERLINE CASES; 2 UPBRAID; 3 STANDISH; 4 LIDO; 5 SWINEHERDS; 6 RIFLES; 7 UNREADY; 8 SHOOTING GALLERY; 13 POTATO CHIP; 16 SWEET PEA; 18 CONGEAL; 20 IMPASTO; 21 BAD LIE; 24 DIVA.

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